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THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP



19-SENIOR-15

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This is being written early in the season, but during the past week we have been asked to recommend for 15 September openings, Then why not

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home of the Bowling Green Business University, now by far the largest school of commerce in the South. Almost every state east of the Mississippi River, eight west of it, and Canada, England, Cuba, Japan, and Mexico have sent representatives to it. It receives annually nearly FIVE HUNDRED CALLS

for commercial teachers and almost one thousand

four hundred for office help. It is enjoying its greatest prosperity, largest enrollment and most satisfactory work in its entire career.

THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP ?

A monthly journal published by the Student Body of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, and devoted to the best interests of education in Western Kentucky.

Entered as second-class matter February 8, 1910, at the postoffice at Bowling Green, Kentucky, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION: TWELVE MONTHS, FIFTY CENTS; THREE YEARS, ONE DOLLAR

VOL. VI.

MARCH, 1915

NO. 6

Concerning

WHO'S WHO IN THE NORMAL

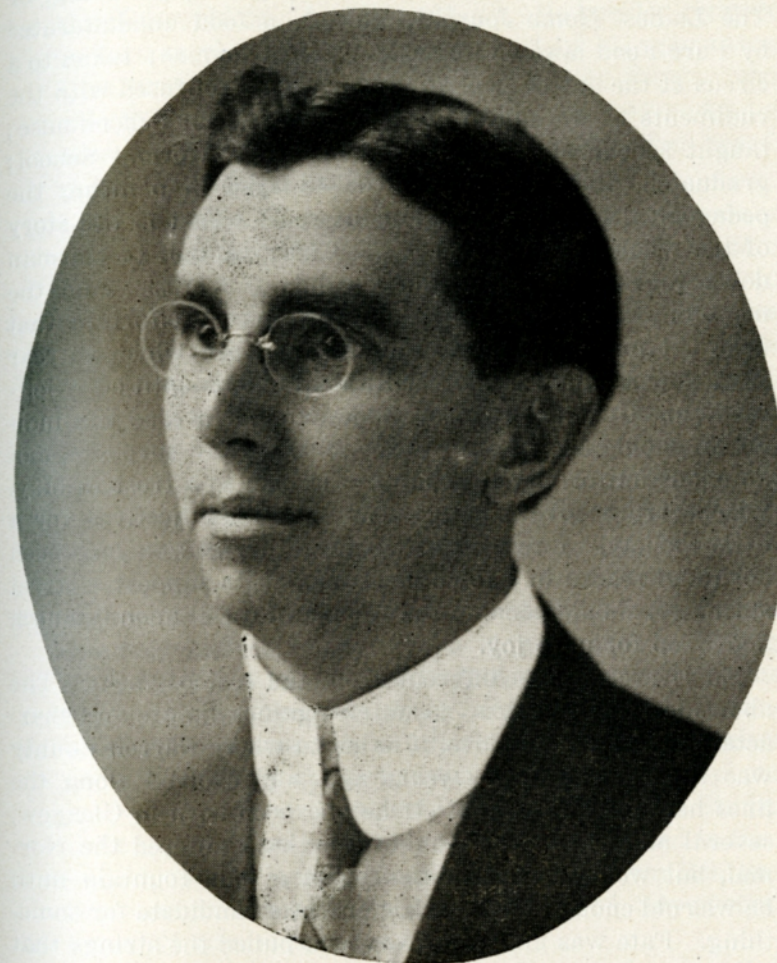
How sweet and cheerful is the work of those chroniclers whose subjects have not managed to hit other than the high places. For instance, it would be like taking candy from a child which has already eaten all it wants, to write a story of a fellow who was stolen from his home in Calloway County while yet a babe, by Chinese brigands, and held by them in a deserted castle on Mt. Everest for a ransom until it was apparent that his parents would not cough up, and then sold to a Turkish Pasha who made him black shoes and hone swords so arduously that life would have grown distasteful had he not caught sight of a beautiful princess, who was also held as a prisoner by the Pasha, and to whom he one day tipped his turban, which made his master so angry that he ordered him flayed alive and the remains salted and peppered, but later commuted the sentence to being bound, hand and foot, and pitched into the Black Sea, which was done; but while on his way to the bottom he encountered a German submarine which opened up and received him hospitably, and later set him ashore on American soil, from where he immediately went to Bowling Green and entered the Normal School, graduating in the Life Class several years later, and then taking the principalship of a County High School, so that he might accumulate sufficient funds

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to enable him to rescue the beautiful Princes from the wicked Pasha.

If I only had material like that, the soulful thrills that



would throb in these columns would corrugate the nervous systems of my readers like the surfaces of so many washboards. But, alas, the dearth of such material on the local market would make Death Valley look like a Chinese truck

garden. The career of the average Normal student is about as devoid of thrills as a Teachers' Institute. This formula will apply alike to one and all: "Born in a way back section of the wildwood as yet unreached by germs, plumbing, or The Ladies' Home Journal; raised on food unadulterated by Pure Food laws or Domestic Science dogmas; taken to a circus at the age of twelve; had his mind confused with the rudiments of an education at the Pole Bean Schoolhouse; taught school some himself; entered the Normal School; graduated, and ever afterwards engaged in painting the pedagogical firmament a brilliant red." That is the story of the whole line up from H. H. Cherry and J. L. Harman down to Ernest Canon and Orlando Magness. And the monotony of it certainly handicaps literary effort in that field. It might furnish a sound basis upon which to rear as a superstructure that sentimental idyll entitled "Self-Made, or Up from the Sorghum Patch," in case the individual should ever run for office, but, for my purposes, monotonous uniformity is about as welcome as a frost in May. I'd cheerfully give a half-dozen first-class adjectives for a little variety. I think that if any student who had been born and reared in a town large enough to support a street sprinkler, should come to the Normal, I'd fall upon his neck and weep for pure joy.

Ed Everett is no different from the rest of them. The above description fits up as snugly against his life and characteristics as a new glove. He began where Barren County was the ruralist thirty years ago, and evolved along the lines hereinbefore stated. If he had been born in Glasgow, several miles away, he would never have entered the Normal, but would have chauffeured in a soda fountain until he was old enough to study law and be a candidate for something. Fate was kind, however, and pulled the strings that landed him in the Normal via two years in Liberty College, and a four-years' apprenticeship in rural schools. "Well, Little Chlorophyll," said S. C. Ray to the new arrival, "are you really as green as you appear? If so, I'd like to mount

you for my collection." Everett grinned broadly. "I don't wish for to discourage you, Mister," said he, hauling off his coat, "but that mounting process ain't what it used to be." * * * Ray spread the news throughout the Normal that Everett would do. And Everett *did*. He buckled right down to hard work, and spent a large part of his spare time in learning mathematics, grammar, facts and things. Pretty soon this began to tell on the Faculty, and they nudged each other sagely whenever he passed by, and talked hopefully about him at their confidential sessions.

At this time Everett was of a lean, lanky, sinuous style of architecture. His expression was of a serio-comic cast, as would likely have appeared on the face of one who thought of a real funny joke while in one Prof. Guillian's classes. His voice was a pure rustic tenor. He got along famously in the school and all the adjuncts thereof, and used up pretty nearly all of the P+'s that Normal School's appropriations called for. Then he left the Normal for a while, partly for a change, and partly to get some change. For one year he taught in Greenville, Mississippi, and during the next he was principal at Smith's Grove. After that he re-entered the Normal. September, 1910, he became Superintendent of the school system at Crab Orchard, Ky. During his three years of service there he was instrumental in adding an addition to the school building, Agriculture and Domestic Science to the Course of Study, and fifty pounds to his own weight. In the summer of 1913 he was elected Superintendent of the school at Benton, and there he is to-day, watchfully working away, reorganizing the Course of Study, the teaching force, and advising the Board in regard to the new building which is shortly to be erected. Down Benton way they are enthusiastically appreciative of Superintendent Everett's administration.

But let us drop several months rearward and gather up another strand of our unimpassioned discussion. Sometime during his residence in Crab Orchard Everett contracted the opinion that one Miss Pearl Collier, of that fair village,

was eminently qualified (as President Cherry would say) for a certain vacancy he had in mind. So, last Christmas he bought one railroad ticket to Crab Orchard and two back to Benton, which reminds me that I omitted an item in the formula which I said told the story in general terms of every man who has had his name written on the Normal School's honor roll. I remember mentioning a job of painting engaged in by each and every one. I neglected to say that the colors are mixed and blended by a fairer hand than the one which wields the brush.

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LITERARY.

The Spirit of the Northland

Far away in the distant Northland; where the dark brown earth lies nestled neath the soft white blankets, which are its inheritance from the long ago; where the cold blue of the heavens blends with the crystal horizon; where the keen freshness of the air speaks to the heart of the vast expanse, in immeasurable distances, lies a little village. The houses, though rude, show signs of prosperity, some of them real modern bungalows. One of the buildings is called "The Store," another by its miniature spire proclaims itself a Church. All day the streets are filled with a long stream of wagons loaded with big squares of ice cut from a lake

near by and being carried to the railway station some miles distant.

The Newcomer stood on the steps of "The Store" and watched the scene. He stamped his feet now and then, till a kind stranger stopped to tell him he must not stand in the keen air; then he went in, holding a handful of snow to his face and wondering why everybody else looked so cheerful and contented with life. He was only human, anyway, and besides, he had just come from the sunny Southland; so it was not strange he should feel as he did toward this little village of the Northland. Mingled with this feeling of dislike was one of wonder as to how it happened that a little village came to be away there, when there were so many delightful places in the warmer regions. The more he looked about from the bright faces to the vast expanse, and felt the keen edge of the air, the more he wanted to know. Why? First, he asked the friend with whom he was staying, the one who had enticed him there, but he only laughed. Then he ventured to ask some others whom he met; but the way they looked at him made him feel so queer he didn't press the matter. At last he decided he would find out and not ask foolish questions, either.

He began to look about him for a clue, but all was strange, unexplainable. The smoke from the chimneys seemed to form a cloud of mystery over all. One day he noticed what he wondered he had not seen before, that all the dwellings seemed to cluster around one—the smallest and oldest of them all. As all roads once led to Rome, so all the streets or pathways seemed to lead to this cabin door. It wasn't hard to follow the way the pathways led, and soon he reached the little dwelling. Within he found the fine old man whom he had noticed more than once, because in his eyes was a look he couldn't make out, and a little woman whom he hadn't seen, with soft gray hair and a sort of halo round her face.

He grew to love this little home; the corner by the fire seemed warmer than any other place, some way. Then, he

loved to watch the Little Woman, surrounded by things she held dear, knitting the memory of those things into gifts for one and all; for she was "Mother" or "Grandmother" to nearly all the village. He also loved to hear her talk, always about the wonderful Northland. He was surprised one day when she mentioned the South as the place where she had been raised. He didn't say anything, but it made him wonder still more and listen more closely, for he felt sure now that the Little Woman could tell him, Why? Bit by bit he gathered the story and at first he didn't guess that she was telling him.

Long ago the cabin had stood all alone, built and made ready by the Big Man. There he had brought the Little Woman from the sunny Southland, and there they had made a home.

Far away it seemed, this home away from the busy world, away from the warmth and light of companionship; away from all that is held so dear in life, away, surrounded only by mystery and love. It had only been a little thing at first—this mystery—only a little wonder why he should have taken her away from the Southland and transplanted her in this barren, chilly Northland.

Little by little, as the years went by and the cabin became a real home, with childish voices driving away the silences, the wonder had become a mystery not really pronounced, not even acknowledged by the Little Woman herself; but there just the same.

The vague question in her eyes was reflected in the face of the boy, whose eyes had a faraway look, in spite of his rosy cheeks and sturdy form. The face of the little girl had caught the look, making the purity and patience of its expression seem brighter, sweeter. It took a slight stretch of imagination to find any of it about the baby face, as wrapped in furs it seemed like a soft ball, made especially for the Big Man to play with.

When on a stormy night the snow wound about the cabin, like linen thread around a spool, hiding it, holding it fast,

the questioning eyes would turn to the man—asking, demanding a reason for it all. Then the face of the man would take on that hunted look, the mute appeal of the deer in distress, and turning from them he would stride out into the storm to cool the turmoil of his mind. He always returned bright and cheerful. During his absence the Little Woman would quiet the troubled faces with stories of the sunny Southland. The balmy air, the thick carpet of grass made a picture for them. The blackened walls became sunlit skies, the rattle of the sleet on the pane, the rustle of brown autumn leaves. The roses so like the cheeks of the boy, the lilies more like the face of the little girl. Cruel it was, when a chilling blast erased the magic picture and the mystery came back and with it the return of the man with the light in his eyes, making the question fade from the lips, for love kept the door of those lips and held the "Why?" firmly in.

The boy grew more like the Big Man, seeming to imbibe the Northland spirit. Round the face of the Little Woman came a halo as she watched the little girl's face whiten with the returning snowflakes. At last the pained struggle was over, the anxious watching and waiting. Then it was that the Might-have-beens came, and lingered. The little sympathies; the neighbors crowding in with kind, quieted faces; the passers by, stopping to inquire, and lend a hand; the flowers—loads of flowers, covering, hiding all; the comforting words taking her thoughts higher above the dread reality; made it seem as if Might-have-beens, must be. . . . But the little rude box was bare and the silent watcher alone. Outside the Big Man and the Boy cut out of the rock-like earth a quiet dwelling place. When the snow covered the little mound and the vast expanse of the Northland seemed to close around them. Then it was that the face with the halo brightened, and while the laughing, gurgling ball of fur was held close to the heart, the eyes that looked up were so blinded with love that the question "Why?" seemed gone.

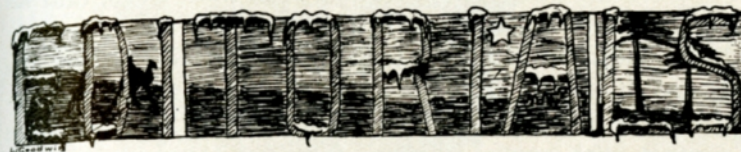
But the final test was not yet.

The years slipped by. The little cabin seemed to enlarge as other childish voices still further drove away the silence.

The Boy, you could hardly tell him from the Big Man now, was going away to the sunny Southland, and the other things that life used to hold, and ere he went they must be very sure that he knew the spirit of the Northland, whose influence would steadily, surely draw him back. The Big Man told him all, and she listened. She sat on one side of the fire and they sat together on the other side, they talking and planning—she listening. All the things she had longed to know; but now, as she heard them, she realized she could not have heard it sooner, could not have understood. It was as if kindred spirits held a meeting, and slowly, as she listened, the light came into her face. Yes, he must come back, the sunny Southland in which her dreams had always placed him, must not hold him. She, too, saw now the wonders, the possibilities of the Northland. Far into the night they had talked, and far into the night she had listened, rapt, wonder bound.

When the new morning broke and all stood ready for the parting, it was into the Little Woman's eyes that the Big Boy had looked last and longest, for deep in them he saw the Spirit of the Northland.

So, the Newcomer's question was answered. The mystery solved? Not so; for a Newcomer could not feel, and one must feel to understand the Spirit of the Northland; but as he looked around the little dwellings took on a changed appearance and full of meaning seemed the pathway leading from the homes of those who had been likewise drawn by the Spirit of the Northland.



(This issue of THE ELEVATOR is, with the exception of the "Concerning" article, wholly a product of the Senior Class. We hope you will enjoy it.)

Our Ideal

"I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

To overcome a strong enemy in any line of human activity, there must be a well-organized plan of attack, and a tenacious pursuit of that plan, with such minor changes as unforeseen conditions may require; and so it is, with education in Kentucky. Our State can never take its place among the stars until we have met and put to utter flight the forces of ignorance, that arch enemy of all that is great, good, high, and noble in the range of man's activity.

It then follows, that to conquer such an enemy there must be a sensible, practical, unified plan of attack, and that plan must be followed with undismayed and unflinching persistency. The above being spoken as a prelude to the expression of *Our Ideal*.

The battle cry of the Class of '15 is, "Kentucky First Among the States." But we believe that this ideal can become real only by systematic, organized and unified effort, and therefore, we pledge our greatest support in the formation of a plan of attack, and when that plan is formed, *We'll fight it out on that plan, if it takes a lifetime.*

The K. E. A.

The Kentucky Educational Association has become our greatest factor for the shaping of educational problems; its

growth for the past few years has been marvelous, and as it has grown in membership, it has likewise grown in power and efficiency. It has risen to such a standard that no efficient and up-to-date teacher can, without a valid excuse, afford to miss its sessions. It is at the K. E. A. that we come in contact with our co-workers from far and wide; their interests are our interests, and our problems are much the same; so that in the spirit of reciprocity we may give and take from each other. Not only this, but it gives the teacher a broader outlook upon the great problems of education; he comes in contact with the leading educators of this and other States, and from them he may gather much information and inspiration that will aid wonderfully in broadening his vision as a teacher.

It has been arranged by the Western Normal so that its students may attend the K. E. A. at a minimum of cost. Think of a trip to Louisville, a two-days' stay, and return, for not more than five (\$5.00) dollars. The ride on the train is worth the money, to say nothing of the privilege of attending the meetings of the one great teachers' organization in our State.

Who is going to the K. E. A.? Why, the Western Normal, of course. Let's all go, and show them how to run that educational mill.

OUR PLEDGE

We, the Seniors of 1915, who must shortly bid farewell to our Cherished Mother and enter that field of service for which her training has fitted us, desire to publish this pledge of our loyalty and love:

To you, our noble King, we pledge a continuation of that search for Truth, the love of which you have so deeply implanted within our hearts. Into whatsoever places that search may lead, whether into the high road or the low, up



to the mountain tops or down into the valleys we pledge to follow.

To you, our wise Premier, we pledge our faith—not the blind, groping faith of the ignorant believer, but a faith seasoned with knowledge. We pledge a faith in the present with its duties, a faith in the future with its hopes, an abiding faith in you and in those precepts you have taught us, and a faith in our own powers and capabilities, without which none of us shall achieve success.

Great Alma Mater, to you we pledge our eternal fidelity—fidelity to the ideals you have led us to create, fidelity to the standards you have set for us, fidelity to the aim of life you have given us, fidelity to the trust you have reposed in us.

To you, Kentucky, most glorious of States, we pledge our hands, our hearts, our lives, our all, to your service. We pledge a burning zeal to banish the forces of illiteracy from your boundaries, and to do all that lies within our power to usher in a new era for the Old Kentucky Home, an era in which Wisdom, Happiness and Prosperity shall reign and where Ignorance and Superstition shall not enter. We'll never cease to fight until you are the garden, yea, the Eden of America.

—oOo—

Senior Legends

THE ORDER OF THE SHAMROCK

The year was at March. Over the spirit world of Saints there seemed to breathe something of the unrest of the world of men. The spirits trembled, and turned to see whence came the chill blast. Then St. Patrick spoke—he to whom this month of March did honor.

"Each year," he sighed, "have I awaited with a sadder heart the coming of my day. Each year has the burden of it rested more heavily on my spirit. Ah, I would that I

might have the power to strike this day forever more from the calendar of the Saints!"

Then all the spirits in amazement whisper, "What is this? Are there not candles brightly burning for you on each altar of faith? Do not the loyal Irish hearts still wear for you the shamrock? What more of honor can you ask? Would you be exalted as our most holy Peter?"

"Nay," St. Patrick answered, scornfully, sadly. "All these things do they indeed, and more. For often does my name sound in their prayers and on their lips. But is this a fitting remembrance, think you, of one whose life was lived for naught but service; whose every day was written with deeds, not symbols?"

Then his listeners were silent, for they knew in their hearts that he had spoken well.

As the day drew near, so cruelly did the burden bruise his heart that St. Patrick sought the Keeper of the Gate and begged of him this boon:

"Let me," he pleaded, "go out into the land of men, and seek for me a chosen people, who shall perpetuate in their lives my name and mission."

So earnest were his entreaties, that at last the Keeper gave consent, and St. Patrick set forth.

Long and wearisome was his journey. The cruel stones and rugged cliffs bruised the feet unused to the paths of men, and at every cross-roads crouched Disappointment in her sombre robes. Many times his heart would lighten when he seemed to see the end of his pilgrimage. Eagerly the people would listen while he told of the great and precious treasure that would be theirs, did they become his followers; but when he brought forth the small trefoil, that most lowly of plants, that should be their recompense, they laughed him to scorn, sneering:

"What think you that we are, that we should bind ourselves forever to your service, when our only reward, 'the great treasure,' is that paltry leaf?"

So he passed sorrowfully on, pursued by their taunts and gibes.

At last he came upon a band of youths and maidens, toiling in a great field. As he approached, whispers of hope and courage seemed to urge on his lagging feet. The hands of some were on the plow, others wielded the heavy spade and hoe; yet, strangely enough, their eyes seemed not to see their drudgery, but rested upon a sun-blessed mountain top, far beyond the clouds of present things. Eagerly, fearfully, the Saint drew near.

"Who is this band?" he asked, "and why toil you here so diligently?"

"Why, we are called Seniors," they answered.

"And what means this name?" inquired the Saint of one who stood near. "I am come from a far off country, and its significance is not known to me."

The Senior hesitated and pondered long. Then he smiled.

"Why," he replied, "before I could relate to you all that this name means, you would grow weary and depart. But it is just another way of spelling Service, Enthusiasm, Neverfail, Inspiration, Obedience to the laws of life, Right, and all that those words mean."

Then St. Patrick was exceeding joyful, for he believed that at last he had reached his journey's end.

"I have sought long for you," he cried. "I am St. Patrick, and I have, for those who will become my disciples, a great and precious treasure. Many and hard are the tasks, however, for those who accept my mission; and the labor far more irksome than your plowing."

But those who bore the name of Senior did not tremble.

"What are these tasks?" they cried.

"First," said the Saint, "even as did I in old Ireland, breathe upon the ice and snow until they glowed in flame, so must you also do."

Then all answered joyfully: "That we can do already; for it is one of our tasks to warm the shivering hearts of the stranger by the warm fire of our friendship, and to

breathe upon hard hearts of ice until they blaze with flames of enthusiasm."

"The second task is this," continued the Saint. "Even as I drove from Ireland's spotless soil the evil race of serpents, so must you do a like deed."

Again the Seniors made reply: "That also can we do. For it will be our especial work to drive from out this fair land of ours the reptiles of crime, of disease, and divers other evils; and to drown in the sea of knowledge and understanding that father serpent of them all, Illiteracy—even as you did in those olden times."

"And last," said the Saint, "you must hear, even as did I, the cry of the unborn children, pleading for the light."

And they said: "We hear!"

"Then," said St. Patrick, with the light of a great joy on his face, "you may receive the great treasure."

From the folds of his priestly garments he drew a tiny plant. Three leaves it had, united on a single stalk. On one was written Loyalty, on another, Service, and on the third, Vision; while on the stalk was inscribed the single word, Unity.

And as they knelt before him, he placed on the forehead of each the mark of the trefoil. Then he departed in peace to the Land of the Saints.

So it is, that on each seventeenth day of March all those who bear the name of Senior, meet together in remembrance of their Saint, wearing on their foreheads the sign of the shamrock.

And so it is, that through all the lives of those who bear the name of Senior, one leaf spells, Loyalty, another, Service, the third, Vision, while the three make up the perfect Unity of the efficient life.

The King and Premier

Some years ago (whether many or few it does not matter now) a number of pilgrims started forth on a long journey. They had no king, no leader, no ruler, but keeping their eyes fixed on the distant goal they journeyed on together.

They met in the course of their travels many great and illustrious leaders, yet still they had no king. There was one who seemed to be a leader, and yet they could not understand him. Perhaps it was because they did not like his motto: "If any man will not work, neither shall he —," they never could quite catch the last part. Perhaps it was because, when they came to him to inquire about the way, they found him seated behind a formidable looking enbankment, so well fortified with evidence of work to be, and being done, that they feared. Once behind the barrier, things looked different and the deep, real interest manifested as he mapped out the way, pleased them. But they couldn't understand why he would not let them take the course they wanted or why the little guide charts he gave to each, were not all just alike. So they passed him by and he became not their king.

Another leader crossed their path. He was great. They felt his power, and for some reason they followed him. He knew every angle of the road, yea every sign (sin) he could explain. But as the areas of their way increased, they said, "Good-bye," thankful to him for his guidance, cherishing his memory in their hearts, but he was not their king.

Now they gathered around another. He showed them the beauties of the way.

"The light that never was on sea or land,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life."

They were lost in wonder. A new light entered their hearts and with new courage they pressed on. As for the leader, they loved him, but he was not their king.



THE KING

Another came. He showed them the earth, and the sea, and the sky; and told them of the rocks and rills, the stones and streams, the great and mighty wonders of their land. What a marvelous country was theirs. They wanted to know how, and why it was so, and they felt they needed him, but he was not their king.

Still another came to meet them. He took a tiny prism of glass and bent the sunbeams to illustrate the beauties he had to tell them of. He taught them the mysteries of the



THE PREMIER

air, the wonders of sound. They thought of him with pleasure, but he was not their king.

Many others came and went and still they had no king. Time was passing swiftly, and they neared the distant mountain peaks of their goal. As they neared the light shone brighter, and then it was that they remembered the one who had given them the many guide charts, and looking back they saw how all the way he had planned for their

good, how his hand had always pointed upward and onward. The things they hadn't understood were now what they most thanked him for, and he became their King.

A great change came over the band. They were no longer simply pilgrims wandering as it were. They were a nation with a King, a class with a leader. They felt the ties of fellowship as they talked of "Our King." They loved to get in behind the embankment, whose fortifications they understood so well now, and laugh with him as he told them how some had gotten started on their journey. When they gathered together in the mornings, a thrill of pleasure ran through them as he stood forth to inspire them with renewed energy. They esteemed him and gloried in the fact that he was **theirs**.

One day he told them he must have a helper, it was a "great class" and he must have a Premier. Then he brought forward the one they needed, and they gathered around their Premier. With joy they learned more of their country's greatness. He taught them to see with their eyes, and the very hills seemed more beautiful, the rocks more perfect. They even noticed the mile stones of his life, and hoped to discover many more. They loved to go to him with their little troubles, always sure of his sympathy. They found, true it was, that they needed him and knew they could not get along without him.

They rejoiced that they had found such leaders.

Thus they neared the goal ruled by a great King, led by a great Premier, and they called themselves "Seniors, 1915."

E. G. B.

—oOo—

MARCH VIOLETS

When the earth was scourged with mad March weather,
Rain-soaked and fretted by a clouded sky,
Hearts blythe as robins we roved together,
We went hunting violets, you and I.

Wet winds blowing from the bare, brown pasture,
 Pan's pipes lilting, far and shrill and wild sweet;
 Print of hoofs in the dead leaves of last year
 Where the shy spring fled Pan, frightened and fleet.

Gray were your eyes, as the March clouds flying,
 Clear, deep as a wood-pool holding March skies,
 And wind's raving and the god's lute crying
 Drew a rare wistfulness into your eyes.

Down a dim path elves are wont to follow,
 Searching for violets, we found a gloom
 Where old, gnarled trees overhung a hollow—
 Along its edge blue violets in bloom.

While the earth was scourged with wind and weather,
 Taunted and fretted by the clouded sky,
 Hearts blythe as robins we roved together,
 We gathered March violets, you and I.

LUCY BOOTH.

—oOo—

Declaration of Independence

UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF NINE SENIORS OF 1915 CLASS

When in the course of human events, certain persons form social bonds which connect them with others, and assume among the people of the earth equal station, to which the Laws of Nature and Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to this union. We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created either handsome, wise, witty, efficient or courteous, and all women are either intellectual, beautiful, captivating or adorable, and that they are endowed by the Creator with a certain unalienable Right—the pursuit of Happiness. If a firm

Union neded be established to further the good cause, we do establish it. The history of the Single State is one of repeated disappointments, trials and tribulations. Men must sew on their own buttons and with groanings of spirit darn their own socks. They must spend something besides the evening if they would not have a rival suitor sit beside the fair charmer when it was their greatest desire to be there; yes, and the purchase of boxes of flowers and candy is not conducive to the hoarding of a bank account. Men must keep silent and gnash their teeth in rage, for no one beside a wife will take the blame for a lost collar button or a misplaced hat. The single woman must, with a smiling face, watch some girl go triumphantly by, with her own cavalier; she must face the humiliating fact of having to be dependent on a man's whims as to whether she will get a chance to play tennis; she is cognizant of the truth that if she does not get her a man of her own she will have the honorable title of "Old Maid."

We, therefore, representatives of the W. K. S. N. S., do publish and declare that we, Seniors of the Class of 1915, are not, and have no right to be, free. That we owe allegiance to each other, and to make any step, no matter of what importance, we must have the consent of the other party. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives and our Fortunes.

— —. SEBASTAIN,
 IRA S. VOUCASSAVIC,
 W. P. WHITE,
 MRS. W. P. WHITE,
 J. S. BROWN,
 MRS. J. H. LOYD,
 MRS. LIZZIE SURTELL,
 T. H. LIKENS,
 I. L. ARNOLD.

PREAMBLE

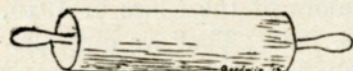
We, Seniors of the 1915 Class, in order to form a more perfect union, insure domestic tranquility, promote the general welfare and secure blessings to ourselves and our posterity, do claim the following as our laws:

- I. Mother-in-law.
- II. Father-in-law.
- III. Brother-in-law.
- IV. Sister-in-law.
- V. Daughter-in-law.
- VI. Son-in-law.

—oOo—

The Spooners' Club

FOUNDED BY IVA MAY SCOTT



GLASS PIN



And it came to pass in the year of our Lord 1910 there journeyed to the Western Kentucky State Normal a certain damsel comely of form, beautiful of face and efficient of hand. She caused to be organized in this great institution a famous club. A senior, going on a tour of investigation, accidentally discovered the titles of its most important members, motto, class song and pin, and this knowledge is now for the first time made public to the world.

Favorite Song—I Knead Thee Every Hour.

Flower—Corn flour.

Chief Aim—To make an impression.

Musical Note—Dough.

Important Members—

Heber Lewis, A.B. (banquet arranger).

Gladys Turner, Ph.D. (phenomenal duster).
 Nell Harding, M.A. (artful mender).
 Mrs. W. P. White, M.D., (master of dishwashing).
 Nannie Hicks, D.D. (dish dryer).
 Lillian Winkler, LL.D. (decorous little laborer).
 Oma White, B.S. (button sewer).

—oOo—

THE SLEEPY SENIOR'S SONG

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
 Make me a freshie, oh, just for to-night!
 Light heart, come back from the echoless shore,
 Throb in my bosom again as of yore;
 Banish all sorrow and all useless care,
 Oh, that again I had my long brown hair
 Which in my study I vainly tried to keep:
 Oh, for your sleep, freshie, oh, for your sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
 I am so weary of toil and of tears—
 Ray's High Arithmetic, Practice, and train,
 Science and English that made for me pain;
 I have grown weary of Egypt's decay,
 Weary of learning of Rome's golden day;
 Weary of trying in knowledge to steep:
 Oh, for your sleep, freshie, oh, for your sleep!

Yes, Alma Mater, the years have been long
 Since I first entered your wide-awake throng,
 But when I think o'er it all it just seems
 Beautiful memories of beautiful dreams.
 What of the sorrows where joy is like *ours*!
 What is a thorn in a *garland* of flowers!
 Never hereafter I'll pine for your sleep,
 Now I'm a Senior, Fresh, you may it keep.

NETTIE LAYMAN.

GENEALOGY OF THE SENIORS 1915

NAME OF SENIOR	NAME OF ANCESTOR	HOME OF	FOR WHAT FAMOUS
Anderson, Adams, Carl. Arnold, I. L. Ackers, Edna. Allen, Pattie. Brown, John S. Barry, Emily. Brame, Vivian. Brown, Leslie. Barrett, Mary. Burd, Glover F. Bowen, Lelah. Brown, Mary. Becker, Eva Bell. Booth, Lucy Hays. Clark, Ethel. Carson, Louise. Drake, Josephine. Drake, Estelle. Cotner, Carrie. England, Gilbert. Eckridge, Addie. Falls, J. David. Green, Mary Watson. Hawthorn, Jessie. Hutson, J. B. Hester, Eula. Hester, Beula. Hardin, Nellie Chloe. Hammond, Cassie.	Sir Edmund Anderson. John Adams. Thos. Arnold. J. Young Akerman. Ethan Allen. John I. Sir Chas. Barry. Joseph Bramah. Henry K. Brown. E. Barrett Browning. Richard Glover. Gibside Bows. Mary II. Isabella of Castile. B. C. Booth. Geo. Rogers Clark. Marie Louise. Josephine. Sir Francis Drake. Sir Lucius Cary. Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Empress Adelaide. David. Mary Tuton. Nathan'el Hawthorne. Henry Hudson. Louise Hese. Hestia. Nellie Gray. Henry Hammond.	Scotland. Massachusetts. England. Wiltshire, England. Vermont. Constantinople. London, England. England. Massachusetts. England. London, England. London, England. England. Spain. England. Kentucky. France. France. England. England. Germany. Palestine. England. Salem, Mass. England. Germany. Mt. Olympus. Southland. England.	Jurist. President of United States. Clergyman. Antiquarian. Revolution leader. Emperor of East. Architect. Mechanic. Architect. Poet. Poet. Politician. Queen. Queen. Salvation Army. General in army. Wife of Napoleon. Wife of Napoleon. Explorer. Lord Deputy of Ireland. Navigator. Wife of Otto I. King of Israel. Queen. Author. Explorer. Prince of Gaeta. Goodess. Heroine of song. Divine.

Holton, Mary. Holton, Martha. Hancock, Willa. Hicks, Nannie. Henderson, Margaret. Jordan, Pearl. Keown, Lela. Layman, Nettie. Lawrence, J. H. Logan, Bradley. Loyd, Mrs. J. H. Luttrell, Emma. Leake, Jennie V. Lewis, Heber. Lewis, Lyda Mae. Likens, Howard. Magness, Orlando. Meadow, Lillie. McChesney, Frank V. Mathis, Metta. McCluskey, Anna. Myers, Essie. McClure, Lottie. Miller, Haskel. Potter, Belle. Porter, Otis Mae. Pusey, E. N. Pearcy, Mabel. Robertson, Guy. Rogers, Lilly Mae. Rebarker, Herbert. Robinson, Geo. T. Sadler, Will. Shaw, Lizzie.	Mary, sister of Lazarus. Martha, sister of Lazarus. John Hancock. Thos. H. Hicks. Margaret of Anjon. Dorothea Jordan. Chas. Godfrey Leland. Layamon. James Lawrence. John Logan. Lloyd George. Emma of Normandy. Martin W. Leake. Meriwether Lewis. Geo. L. Lewis. John Howard. Orlando, of As You Like It William Lillye. H. V. McChesney. Matthew. Ann. Geo. V. Myer. Lot, Bible character. Joaquin Miller. Paul Potter. Jane Porter. Edward B. Pusey. John Percy. James Robertson. John Rogers. Geo. Herbert. Robinson Crusoe. William of Normandy. Geo. Bernard Shaw.	Palestine. Palestine. United States. Dorchester, Md. England. England. United States. England. United States. United States. Scotland. England. England. Asia Minor. Charlottesville, Va London, England. Cambridge. Shakespeare. England. Kentucky. Palestine. England. Boston, Mass. Palestine. Indiana. Holland. Durham, England. Berkshire, England. England. Tennessee. Salem, Mass. Wales. Juan Fernandez. England. Ireland.	Friend of Christ. Friend of Christ. Statesman. Statesman. Queen. Actress. Author. Chronicler. Captain in army. Poet. Statesman. Queen. Archaeologist. Explorer. Author. Philanthropist. Rosaland's Sweetheart. Writer. State Superintendent. Christ's disciple. Queen. Secretary of Navy. Abram's nephew. Poet. Painter. Author. Clergyman. Physician. Pioneer. Sculptor. Author. Hero of island fame. King and conqueror. Critic.
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THE ELEVATOR
THE CLASS OF 1915

A man in solitude was standing on the Hill,
His head was bowed, his heart was sore oppressed,
When faint the slogan sounded, "Look to dawn,
The east in wonderous glory now is dressed."

Behind him lay the past in misty gloom—
The past of struggles and of worldly greeds—
He dimly saw the ages stretching far
All scattered o'er with lost, forgotten creeds.

Before him lay the future tinged with gold;
The sun was rising, bringing a new day,
And foremost in the rank of coming crowds
He saw the '15 class in grand array.

He saw, the girls who self can e'er deny
Who fought for truth and for it gladly die—
A rank of girls with vision, soul, and brain,
Who work and strive to Paradise regain;

And men with souls and men with righteous lore
Who see, and climb, and solitude explore,
Who live for Him, the Man of Galilee,
And serve Him when they serve humanity.

And then the vision faded from the view
Of him who stood in silence on the Height,
But peace had come into his weary heart;
He knew that banished now was all the night.

NETTIE LAYMAN.

Seniors' Class Songs

WE'RE A JOLLY BAND OF SENIORS

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

We have trudged along together
Through the rugged vale of time,
From the sands of timid freshmen
To the cliffs of senior's prime,
We have fought with giants many,
But our faith has bene sublime;
And this is now our song:

We're a jolly band of seniors,
We're the glad, triumphant seniors,
Happy now that we are seniors;
Our trials have made us strong.

Now our journey's nearly over
And in sight is Beulah Land,
Where the palm trees waving, beck'ning,
Bid us walk the golden strand.
There are seniors at the threshold
To extend a welcome hand.
And this shall be their song:

Welcome, welcome, to the seniors,
To the tried and loyal seniors,
Here's a greeting to the seniors
Whose trials have made them strong.

OTIS PORTER.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO GRADUATION

(Tune: Tipperary)

Up to Normal Heights came our freshie crowd one day,

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Chapel Hall was almost full, sure everyone was gay;
Everything was moving briskly, we did naught but stare,
Until a bunch of smarty seniors shouted to us there:

"It's a long way to graduation,
It's a long way to go;
It's a hard time in Ancient History,
And Practice, too, you know!
Good-bye to old Latin,
Farewell, cube and square,
It's a long, long way to graduation,
But we'll soon be there!"

Juniors wrote their letters to the place they'd like to go,
Saying, "If you're much impressed, just write and let us
know;

If I make mistakes in spelling, principal you see,
Remember I'm a Junior, and don't lay the blame on me."

"It's a long way to graduation,
It's a long way to go;
It's a hard time in Ancient History,
And Practice, too, you know!
Hard, too, is old Latin,
Also cube and square;
It's a long, long way to graduation,
I hope, I'll get there."

Now we're grand and mighty seniors, 1915 O!
Of our play and party, be convinced the world will know;
Leaving Alma Mater with a grand and glorious name,
For work has made us wise ones, and we hope you'll be the
same!

"It's a long way to graduation,
It's a long way to go;
It's a hard time in Ancient History.

THE ELEVATOR

And Practice, too, you know!
Good-bye to old Latin,
Farewell, cube and square,
It's a long, long way to graduation,
But we'll soon be there!"

NETTIE LAYMAN AND LUCILE GOODWIN.

—oOo—

THE VISION OF THE SENIORS

(Tune: Music in the Air)

The Vision of the Seniors,
The "Nineteen-fifteen Class,"
A Vision bright and shining
As the sunny hours that pass,
Many a tho't in wonder bound
Fills us with a joy profound;
While we gaze enchanted there
On the Senior's Vision rare.

Our eyes have seen a Vision
Of this mighty land of ours;
We now have caught the glimmer
Of our great Kentucky's powers.
On her hills in triumph stands
Wisdom reigning o'er her lands;
While we gaze enchanted there
On the Senior's Vision rare.

Our hearts have caught the meaning
Of this shining Vision fair;
We see in it the future
Of Kentucky's glory there.
Education's banner grand
Floats in triumph o'er the land
While we gaze enchanted there
On the Senior's Vision rare.

EMILY BARRY.

THE ELEVATOR

WHERE DO SENIORS LOVE TO DWELL

(Tune: Blue Bells of Scotland)

O where and O where do the Seniors love to dwell?
 O where and O where do the Seniors love to dwell?
 On dear old Normal Heights do we Seniors love to dwell.
 And it's, O in our hearts that we must say, Farewell.

O whom and O whom do all Seniors love so dear?
 O whom and O whom do all Seniors love so dear?
 We love our merry king and we love our gay premier.
 And it's, O in our hearts we Seniors love them dear.

O when and O when all these Seniors graduate,
 O then and O then what of Juniors that await?
 They will be Seniors, too, and will love our rulers great.
 And it's, O in our hearts we sorrow at our fate.

—oOo—

In the Vine Shadow

Together in the dusk they sat, while the moon pushed white fingers through the heavy scented, swaying vines, beckoning, beckoning. Out in the dewy, moon-wrapped yard the sleepy roses hung dream-bent heads, the trailing honeysuckle dripped fragrance, the plaintive insects of the night shrilled. But in the vine-shadow on the porch the Past was;—there, in shifting dark of the breeze-stirred leaves, all their yesterdays came back, one by one. And he did not speak to her, nor she to him, yet each knew the other's thoughts, each felt the other's memories.

In the shadow they saw many things. A fair young girl bent over a crystal stream and drank from her cupped hand, a handsome hunter came from the woods near, and, laughing, they drank at the spring.

The breeze stirred the vine leaves.

And then a bride, white-veiled and flower-crowned, knelt

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with a bridegroom at the altar, while the minister held above them hands of blessing, and the slow, sweet music filled the church.

The moonlight sifted through the lifting leaves as the vines swung.

From the doorway of a cottage near the bend of a creek, in the golden afternoon, a young woman with eyes of happiness, listened to the whistling of a plowman in the field beyond. The night wind caught the vines apart and the shadow fled, returning slowly.

A cradle rocked to and fro; then a little, narrow grave was made on the hillside above the cottage, and the cradle was empty and still. Children played in the yard, and grew to fair maidens and tall youths; there were other white-veiled brides; there were partings and home-leavings, farewells and tears.

So, in the shifting dark of the breeze-stirred vines, their yesterdays were pictured. He did not speak to her, nor she to him, yet each knew the other's thoughts, each felt the other's memories. And in the white quiet of moonlight on the lawn, the dewy roses drooped in dreams, and the trailing honeysuckle breathed fragrance.

—oOo—

News

Washington's Birthday

We celebrated a birthday the other evening. Yes, a man's birthday, of course.

The occasion for our merry-making was to do honor to our brave hero, George Washington.

As is the custom of the school, the members of the faculty gave a party to the students. Now, none but the ablest of

campaign managers should have in charge exercises to do honor to such peerless campaigner, so what is more natural than, that Miss Reid should be called on. With her usual ability she planned a program, and when the evening of the twenty-second came, "There was a sound of revelry by night. At Normal Heights were gathered fair women and brave men," and as would be expected in celebrating a war hero, powder was much in evidence. Some of the boys had as much trouble with their wearing apparel as did the soldiers at Valley Forge, and I imagine their sorrow did much "To turn the hair white in a single night."

The stage was like an old drawing room, with its lighted candles and with its yule log brightly burning, it made quite an effective background for Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Washington's guests as they moved gracefully down the receiving line and danced the stately minuet.

The antics of the negro servants were very comical, and the love affair of Billie and Sallie added the spice of fun to the beautiful and unique play. The last scene was the climax. In this, George Washington, his bride and the bridal party moved gracefully across the stage to the strains of the wedding march, at the earnest request of their servants, who did not get to see the wedding. As bride and groom left the stage the negroes formed in line, Billie and Sallie leading, substituting the cake walk for the wedding march. The effect was ludicrous in the extreme.

After the play was given, the guests went to the different rooms and were soon busily engaged in dancing the Virginia Reel or Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley Grow. At a late hour the Dean gave the signal, and we departed, though with lingering footsteps and slow.

Jenet Washington, the bright and attractive little daughter of Lawrence Washington, voiced the sentiments of the many guests when she said, "There were such beautiful ladies and nice men, and I had such a good time, I wish this day come every day."

Chapel

So great is the patriotism of every true citizen that not only the music of his own nation but that of other lands, thrill his real being. To the man who is not touched by national songs, we emphatically say: that he is worse than "A Man Without a Country." One of the excellent chapels of this year was given by the French and German classes. First, they sang the much-loved French song, La Marcielles, following with the national hymns of Belgium, Russia, Germany and England. After being brought wholly in sympathy with these five countries much at war, the climax of all the program was reached with our own National Hymn.

Announcements

The next issue of THE ELEVATOR will be in the hands of the Juniors. Look out for a strong and interesting paper, as the Juniors are very great in numbers, as well as spirit, enthusiasm and intelligence.

The May issue will be a product of the Kit-Kat Klub, and they always put out a splendid paper.

We are now planning to publish an Athletic Number in June. Our athletic efforts have been far more elaborate this year than at any time in the past, and as THE ELEVATOR is always an enthusiastic supporter of athletics, we think it would not be out of place to give one issue exclusively to that subject.

The Senior Play

The Seniors are now in the midst of their practice on the annual play, which is to be "Mid-Summer Night's Dream." Mrs. T. C. Cherry is the supervisor, and by her skillful management of the play thus far she has won the complete confidence of the class, and every character in the play is addressing "all his love and might" to measure up to Mrs. Cherry's standard and make the play the greatest

accomplishment in the history of any class that has graduated from the institution.

Mr. Crabb

The many readers of THE ELEVATOR have been highly pleased, interested and entertained by Prof. Albert Crabb's splendid *Concerning* articles during this year, and it is only just that we at least tender him our sincere thanks for his unselfish, patriotic and efficient service in behalf of THE ELEVATOR.

oOo

Athletics

The Seniors in Basketball 1915

The "Peace Policy" of the United States is our greatest national safeguard. This is true because the character of our citizenship supplies the foundation of a structure whose peacefulness is not perturbed by the cries and rumors of war. When the affairs of other governments seethe and burn and emit a fever, causing its citizens to breathe the odor of burning sulphur; to give off the froth of anger; and perspire the stench of human carnage, the American citizen deliberates and is silent. This trait of our citizenship was never more heroically vindicated than during the girls' basketball season just passed. Each game was a struggle, a fight, if you please, into which *every* player entered with that sportsmanlike determination to win, but win honestly. Many games were close and hard fought, but at no time, even under the hardest strain, was there anything that was not in keeping with real character. And it is this trait of our citizens that lends support to our "Peace Policy."

But this is not to be a discussion of "Peace Policies"; it is the Senior Girls' Basketball Team.

The players of this team who constituted the "Regulars"



BASKETBALL SENIORS, 1915

are Lucy Booth (c.), Nettie Layman (f.), Pearl Jordan (f.), Mary Brown (g.), and Anna McCluskey (g.). And they are some team, I bound you. Fast, strong, and skillful; and team work, my! Connie Mack's White Elephants would

have poor show compared to them. They were equally wonderful on the offensive and defensive. So well did they use their tactics, that other teams had about as much show to win a game as did Albert of Belgium to force William of Germany to embrace his knees. Of course, we won every game, getting thirty-eight field goals while our opponents got three, and twenty-four fouls to their nine.

The great work and success of this team was brought about by the solid front and unity of attack. To win, to make the team strong, and to be victorious was the ambition of the individual player. But there were some qualities of playing that belonged as truly to each player as does a style to an author. It might be described in this way:

Miss Booth, "If you can get there before I can, do it."

Miss Layman, "What do I care for your little efforts?"

Miss Jordan, "If I can't, you shan't."

Miss Brown, "If you want to see who guards this corner, start something."

Miss McCluskey, "Just try me and see."

And a great team it was, and they did honor for themselves and the class.

Back behind all this strength and ability might be said to be the "Subs." As truly, it was their work in practice that kept the "Regulars" at their best, and of course, contributed quite a great deal to the success of the team. They were Misses Searce, Shaw, Mary and Martha Holton, Heber and Lfda Mae Lewis, Hancock and Shannahan.

We extend our heartiest thanks to our coach—Mr. Arthur—for what he has taught and trained us. Of a truth, we believe in him. All of this goes to show that "Seniors" are the best people anywhere from a "Peace Policy" to a basketball game.

Our Varsity Team

In the preceding issue of THE ELEVATOR you will note that it speaks of the *Team that Wins* or the *Winning Team*, and furthermore that same article made a little forecast in re-

gard to the atmospheric pressure that would surround the Eastern Normal team when they should chance to meet the *Team that Wins*.

Now, that meeting has occurred, and in the two games our gallants added two more scalps to the many that already dangled from their belts, and further proved the fact that we have a team that *wins*. Thus far we have played eight games and lost only two.

The Girls' Varsity

"On to Russellville! On to victory!" That has been the cry of the basketball girls for the last few weeks. For the first game ever played by the girls of W. K. S. N. with a team for another school was scheduled for March 1. On that great and memorable day the chosen ten from the Western set forth to seek renown for our dear old Normal by completely vanquishing and utterly subduing the basketball Amazons of Logan College. They were accompanied by three charming chaperones, Mrs. H. H. Cherry, Mrs. Leiper and Mrs. Arthur. And of course, Mr. Arthur went along. The trip would have been the play without Hamlet if *Our Coach* had not been with them.

Never were enemies more gracious and cordial than the teachers and students of Logan. From the moment our girls stepped off the train until the referee's whistle blew, they were warmly welcomed, royally entertained, and treated with fine, true-hearted Kentucky hospitality.

The game began at 7.30, in the Bethel gymnasium. The gallery was crowded. All Russellville was there to see; the Russellville band made joyful music (before the game!) while Logan pennants waved and Logan colors fluttered. But there were several loyal Normalites there, too, to root for the girls wearing the red W.

The Logan players fought well and bravely, but our girls played with all the vim and determination and "that other thing" that Normalites are famous for—and the score was 12 to 8 in Western's favor!

Then thank our invincible guards, Capt. Mary Brown, Josephine Cherry and Anna McCluskey, who guarded the line so well that Logan only made one field goal, and who "teamed" the ball with the center, Lucy Booth. Thank our trusty forwards, Laura Phelps, Pearl and Louise Jordan, who made the scores for the Normal. And let's give fifteen rahs for *Our Coach*, the best in the land! Here's to Coach Arthur and the Victorious Basketball Girls!

The following was the line-up of the Western Normal and Logan College basketball teams:

Western Normal—Miss Booth, center; Miss Pearl Jordan, forward; Miss Phelps, forward; Miss Mary Brown, guard; Miss Cherry, guard; Miss McCluskey, guard; Miss Louise Jordan, forward.

Logan College—Miss Beauchamp, center; Miss Elgin, forward; Miss Sneed, forward; Miss Orr, guard; Miss Wilson, guard.

Track Athletics

A field day will be held in May for the children of the Training School. No person unless taking work in the Training School can enter this field day. It is expected that this meet will bring forth great enthusiasm among the pupils of the Training School.

Some time during the first part of May a field day will be given for the boys of the Normal Department. Fine material is in our school, and we should have some very good records made in meet. At a meeting held not long ago of those who intended to take part in field athletics this spring, a great number responded and announced their intentions of taking part in this splendid sport. The regular list of field day events will be offered to anyone in school who cares to take part.

On May 12th the coach will select a track team to represent Western in a dual meet with Eastern, to be held at

Richmond. Both Normal Schools are having their first year of this sport, and should be evenly matched. This field day will be on Eastern's annual May Day celebration, and great interest has been shown even this far in advance of the time set for events. The following list of events will be contested for: One-hundred-yard dash; 220-yard dash; 440-yard dash; 880-yard run; one-mile run; 120-yard low hurdles; running high jump; running broad jump; sixteen-pound shot put; discuss throw; pole vault; one-mile relay race.

Each school may enter two men in each event, and the one finishing first will receive credit for five points, and one finishing second will have three points. The coach urges all to come out for team practice, as it will help you and help the school.

Baseball

We are now at baseball, and should have a very successful season. We have a splendid infield, but lack an experienced battery. We expect, though, to develop this department. An attractive schedule has been arranged, and to date we have games contracted for:

April 3, with Bethel College, on Normal field.

April 5, with Bethel College, in Russellville.

April 9th and 10th, with Eastern Normal, on Western Normal field.

April 16th and 17th, Middle Tennessee Normal, at Murfreesboro.

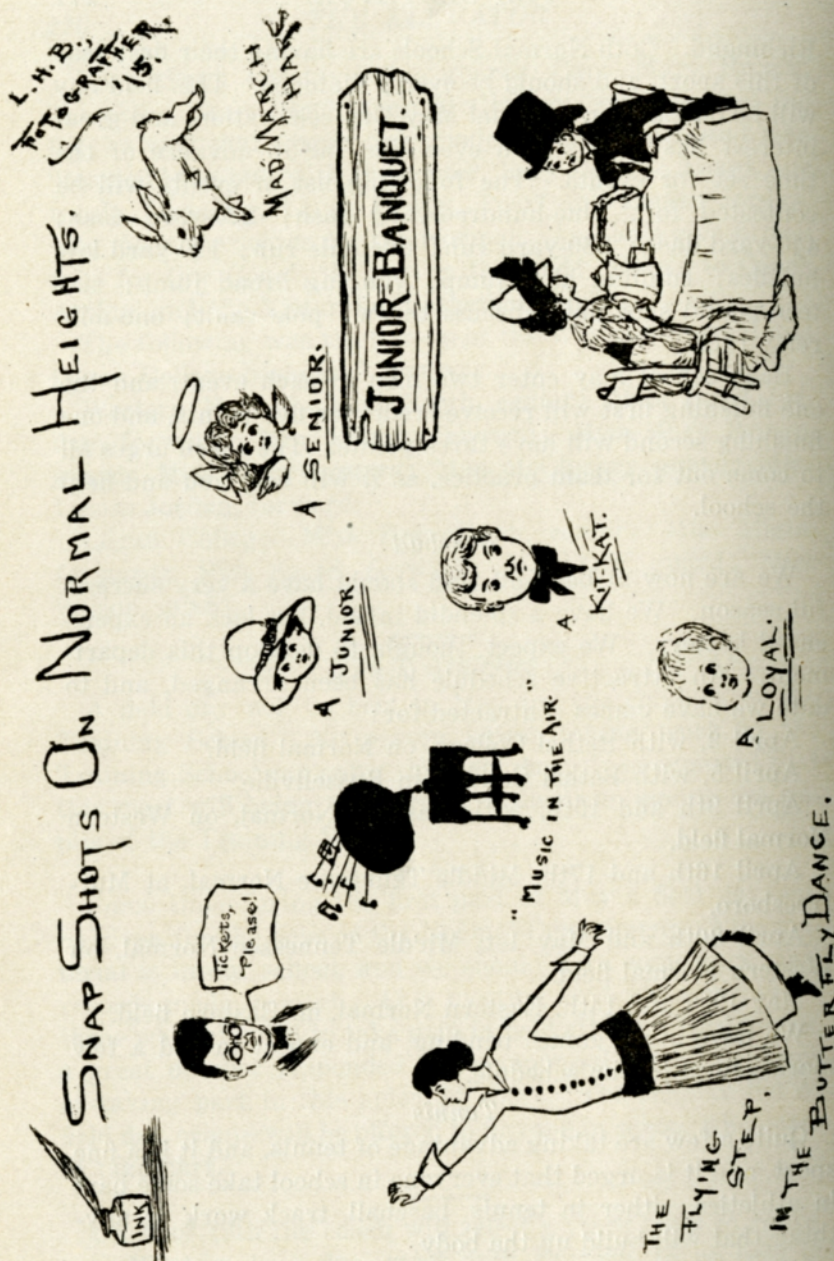
April 30th and May 1st, Middle Tennessee Normal, on Western Normal field.

May 13th and 14th, Eastern Normal, on Eastern field.

We have other games pending, and expect to add a few more games to our schedule.

Tennis

Quite a few are taking advantage of tennis, and it is a fine sport, and it is urged that everyone in school take some part in athletics, either in tennis, baseball, track work or anything that will build up the body.



THE WHICH WAS SAID BY WHOM

"Mr. Jeremith David Falls, wil you please rise and let your light shine?"

"Now, get something under your hair."

"Use your head, us eyour head for something besides a thing to hang your hat on."

"So ist alles."

"Our old friend, 449!"

"Isn't that perfectly beautiful?"

"Now, that's abundantly worth while, I take it."

"Now, class, let's get under the surface."

"Now, class, you are going to see." (This statement was repeated thirty times in one recitation.)

"Bless my soul! I suppose he's gone home to hear ol Tige bark!"

"Haven' you? Haven' you?" (Oft repeated by one of the solons.)

"Well, how does that effect the rural schools?"

"Hands up, all who know."

"Men may come, and men may go, but the soil of Kentucky goes on forever."

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TAKE A LOOK!

"I don't know whether soap brought civilization or civilization brought soap."

"G. Stanley Hall used to say."

"The greatest need of this State is for leadership."

"Now, get in the game, fellers; you poke around like you were asleep."

"What can the House do?"

"Did you ever hear the joke about—?"

"Here, somebody, go get me a box of rocks; I'll raise a pimp knot on some of your heads if you don't wake up!"

—oOo—

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